

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY
Reg. U. S. Patent Office.
ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner.
EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher.
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.
Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) by
The Washington Times Company, Munsey Bldg., Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.50; 3 Months, \$1.95; 1 Month, 50c.
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1919.

Do You Wish to Practice Public Speaking?

Then Study Here the Finest Prose Ever Written.

We enjoy the confidence of many young men eager for advancement. Such as wish to earn fame as public speakers are urged to read aloud with what feeling they may the extract from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," which we print here. For beauty of thought and of language, for power in contrasts, and for sincere feeling this description of a great city when night has fallen upon it is unsurpassed in the literature of the world. Read it slowly and carefully. Learn it by heart. Get this in your head and you will contain the crystallization of the finest thought on earth. You know that "Weissnichtwo" is a city and "Teufelsdröckh" a professor having no existence save in Carlyle's imagination.

You will realize that there is now no German "serene highness." He and many other relics of royalty have disappeared since Carlyle's day.

FROM "SARTOR RESARTUS."

It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahn-gasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. * * * So that it was, in fact, the speculum or watchtower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life circulation of that considerable city; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving, were for the most part visible there.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high.

"Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather; there, top-laden and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms; a thousand carriages and wains and cars come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin: From Eternity, onwards to Eternity!

"These are Apparitions; what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible; in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it; melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being; watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"Ach, mein Lieber!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Bootes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire! That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad; that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night.

"The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into his lair of straw; in obscure cellars Rouge-et-Noir languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard, hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders; the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but

(Continued At Bottom of Last Column.)



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially For Washington Women

Either a Feast Or a Famine.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I would be thankful if you would advise me what is best to do in a case like mine. I have been going about with two fellows whom I shall name A. and B. Now A. and I went together for about eight months. Then we couldn't agree and separated without any anger. Before this A. had introduced me to B. and since separating from A. I have been going with B. for five months. B. has shown that he really loves me and I have tried every way possible to like him, but cannot. I think it is wrong to encourage and I don't, but he still calls. A. and I are again friends and I care a great deal for A. I suppose I care more for him than he does for me. Just as I feel sure B. cares more for me than A. does. What shall I do? DOUBTFUL.

You remember the old slang expression that life is just one darned fool after another? There's often a great deal of truth in everyday slang. The world is full of women who are breaking their hearts over some man who is indifferent to them, while right at their elbow is some devoted swain for whom they can't muster the least interest. "The women I have loved and the women who have loved me have never been the same" is a line from a recent play. It tells the whole story. No one but yourself can say whether you will prefer to love actively or be loved passively. One woman would thrive on the latter arrangement while another would probably be bored to extinction.

Another Girl In the Same Boat.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and am going with a fellow of the same age. He is very good to me and I really love him, but he has never told me whether he loves me or not. I have lots of other young men who like to call on me and they do quite often, but he objects. Now, since I really love him and had rather have him what shall I do, wait until he does speak or go with the one that has said he loves me? WORRIED.

That altogether depends on whether you want to love or be loved. Almost any older woman in the world will tell you that the greatest bore in the world is to be entirely surrounded by people who love you and never to see one you yourself love. Remember, also, that it isn't the man who

Questions and Answers

talks the easiest of love who loves the most. One old cynic insists that a man can always talk violently of love until he really loves and then he becomes as dumb and shy as the proverbial oyster.

A Good Veil Covers A Multitude of Sins.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Can you tell me why it is not proper for a young lady to wear a veil at night? I have asked

many of my friends, but they cannot answer. TWO DOTS.

The idea of a face veil is probably one of the earliest forms of "camouflage" the world has ever known. Only the fairest face and the clearest complexion can successfully defy the bright glare of daylight; therefore the mesh veil was devised to counteract the revelations sunlight makes. Night and artificial light are no such enemies to a woman's looks

Once-Overs

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ON GETTING THE BEST OF THE OTHER FELLOW.

By J. J. Mundy.

You may have put across an unfair deal which works to your advantage for the time being, but in future it will cost you more than you gained by it.

The fact that you were not straight in it, will work to make the next person who has dealings with you endeavor to get the best of you, for he will reason that you would do the same.

Self-advancement which deprives another of what rightfully belongs to him will never bring any real comfort nor substantial standing.

Nearly always there comes a time when the one unfairly dealt with has a chance to even up scores with the one who did him a dishonest trick.

It is a law of balances and you can't get away from it. You may glory in your apparently shrewd deal and the way you manipulated things into your pocket, but tomorrow you will regret it one hundred times when your conscience accuses you.

How about real enjoyment under those conditions? What does your conscience say to you?

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.

Special matinee—Under direction of Knights of Columbus, for wounded soldiers of Walter Reed and Naval Hospital, Shubert-Garrick Theater, 2:15 p. m.
Meeting—Massachusetts State Society, Wilson Normal School, Eleventh and Harvard streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Vincent B. Costello Post, American Legion, board room, District building, 8 p. m.
Entertainment—Under direction American Red Cross, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, 2:30 p. m.
Entertainment—Under direction of Young Men's Christian Association, Camp Meigs, Tenth street and Florida avenue northeast, 7:30 p. m.
Dancing—War Camp Community Service Club No. 8, 918 Tenth street northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Columbia Heights Citizens' Association, St. Stephen's hall, 3017 Fourteenth street northwest, 8 p. m.
Students of St. John's College, at college, 8 p. m.
Dancing—Chamber of Commerce, Chamber room, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Florida State Society, Wilson Normal School, Eleventh and Harvard streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Gen. Nelson A. Miles Camp No. 1, United Spanish War Veterans, Perpetual Building Hall, Eleventh and E streets northwest, 8 p. m.

Oyster Roast and Dance—Elks' club-house, 919 H street northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Mrs. George Ricker's Social Service Club, All Souls' Unitarian Church, 7:30 p. m.
Celebration—Italian Catholic Society, 719 Sixth street northwest, 8 p. m.
Weekly luncheon—City Club, at club-house, Farragut Square, 12:30 p. m.
Address by Prof. Yamato Ichihashi, adviser to Japanese delegation at International Labor Conference.
Free Tuition French Class—Washington Salon, 1415 H street northwest, from 7 to 8 p. m.
Meeting—Oldest Inhabitants' Association, Union Engine House, Nineteenth and H streets northwest, 7:30 p. m.
Meeting—Clara Barton Guild, Church of Our Father, at home of Mrs. A. C. Starkey, First and Girard streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Dance—Tyler School, Dancing Club, Southeast Community Center, Eleventh and G streets southeast, 8 p. m.
Entertainment—Under direction Y. M. C. A., Walter Reed Hospital, 7:30 p. m.
Meeting—Board of Managers of Citizens' Relief Association, Social Service House, 922 H street northwest, 8 p. m.

therefore—with nightfall the necessity for a veil ceases. Like most rules of what is and is not proper, the etiquette of the veil is based on common sense. Of course, the larger veils for motor-ing are always correct to protect the skin and keep hair tidy. I can still recall hearing a friend of my mother's declare that any woman who went out in the daytime without a face veil must certainly consider herself very fine looking.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I read your letters and find them very interesting and would like your advice. I am eighteen and considered very good looking. About two months before last Christmas I was going with a young fellow one year my senior. I love him very dearly. One night he was at my house and another fellow came, a boy with whom I had gone to school. He came chiefly because he was a friend of my brother. That night these two young men quarreled and my sweetheart did not come to see me again. I see him every day because we work in the same place. Now he wants to come to see me again. I would rather let him come, but my parents object. Do you think my parents should prevent him coming, as I love him very much? ANXIOUS.

It's up to you and this young man to win your parents over to your way of thinking. Find out just what their objections are and then try to meet them, make them see that the fact that the boy has been loyal all this time and has not changed his mind about you is something in his favor. Let him go to them in a direct way and state his case. That method is always best.

Why Look for Trouble?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am a young girl twenty years old and have been reading your columns in The Times for some time. Being interested in your advice given the other night, I am writing to ask if it is well to break one or two dates so as to make your friend think you indifferent. CHIC.

That depends altogether on how "chic" you are whether you can get away with it or not. In the article you refer to, I may have advocated coquetry, but I did not suggest that a girl should go out of her way to offend a young man, and breaking engagements already made comes well within that category. No advice should be carried to extremes.

Making a Catspaw of Our Police Department

Someone Is Interested Financially In Arresting Vendors of Cheap Food.

By EARL GODWIN.

Underneath all this sudden activity to drive the sellers of cheap food from the streets you will find some man who is bent on making ALL he can by selling food at the highest price he can get.

Just at the time when the United States Government is bending every energy to REDUCE living costs and prevent the serious disturbances which are threatening our national safety, the Police Department of the National Capital is called on to protect SOMEBODY who is displeased because tens of thousands of Government employees are given the opportunity to buy food CHEAPLY from men on the streets.

At heart every policeman, who is thus made the catspaw for someone hidden away down out of public sight, is heartily sick of his job. I know this from personal contact and conversation.

Just why our District government turns its face backward every other move, I can't explain, but somewhere in the puzzle there is bound to be some one man who is financially interested in keeping down competition.

Men who are vending lunches at a price within the limits of a Government clerk's purse ought to be encouraged.

Instead of that our District Government use police of the National Capital to put these vendors out of business as far as possible.

The Central Labor Union has started a back fire against this inequitable, unjust, and thoroughly un-American move to make it harder to live. The organization will run up against the statement sooner or later that there is LAW on the side of the man who wants to put the vendors out of business. It will be the same law, mind you, that the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis road violates every day, by using our public streets as a terminal, and yet there is no great agitation on the part of the police to arrest anyone connected with that institution.

But let a colored boy selling sandwiches stop three minutes in front of the War Risk Building, and you would think that a murder had been committed.

HEARD AND SEEN

"Fare please?"
"My fare is in the box."
"Nix on that stuff. You went right by."
"Bet your life I did. I been waitin' two hours for a chance to get inside."
"Forget it. Pay your fare and cut out the bull."
"Get off your foot, I dug up once."
"Where'd you get on?"
"Second street."
"Yes, you did. What happened at Ninth street, just now?"
"Well, at Ninth street, for one thing, a woman handed you a quarter and you bluffed her out of the change; at Tenth street four people got on and you rang up three fares; at Fourteenth street, when you changed that \$5 gold-piece—"

At this point the conductor decided he had enough.
"Move on!" he shouted. "There's plenty of room up front. Don't be blockin' the gangway."

TONIGHT.

Here's your chance to hear some REAL Music without PAYING.

There will be a PUBLIC organ recital at the Central High School—the General Civic Center—tonight, EDITH B. ATHEY will be the organist. The program is immensely entertaining, and I would advise the real lovers of music to be there.

And the nifty looking girl in the Lafayette group: Why is she handing the General a sword when he already has one, huh? Can you answer me that; what's he gonna do with two swords?

NEW YORK.

At last we are on the trail of the reason for some of the high prices. In the October number of "Druggists' Circular," a druggist propounds the following problem to the Editor: If a certain proprietary preparation costs you \$8.50 per dozen plus 25 per cent overhead expense, what will you sell the bottle for, to real-

ize 40 per cent net profit. "The problem," says the Editor, "resolves itself into a simple statement in algebra." The Editor's answer, given apparently without batting an eye, is \$2.62.

Query: Is the 2 cents war tax? C. F. B.

A rampaging press agent says that the florists will give away a hundred thousand flowers this week. The hospitals will receive their quota today. Sunday every church was remembered. Thursday the florists will help the Red Cross drive. Before the week is over the town will be bombed with flowers from a Curtiss aeroplane.

DEAR EL DORADO CLUB: I have a nice letter from ALBERT TUCKER, vice president of your distinguished organization inviting me to a smoke next Saturday night and if I am here I will be glad to go, but the chances are I will be in Gettysburg, Pa. However, invite me again. Yours YE ED.

After gazing at the picture of Aristide Arrigone's model of Mt. Wilson, all man of sugar, I can understand why there is a shortage in the homes where it will do more good than it will in a fancy landscape.

BILL CORCORAN says: "Want a paragraph? You can't buy any more ginger ale or anything in New York any more."

Like Kelly can't.

Denounces Congress.
It appears as if it is about time for those Republican Senators and Representatives to fulfill some of those promises they made prior to taking their seats in Congress. One of these is to see that the high cost of living is cut down. They have sat in Congress all summer, only to use all their precious moments in campaigning for the 1920 election. If some of these officers are not thrown out of office next year it will be a great misfortune. I was a Republican until I saw their stand on the peace treaty, which caused me to change. A. JOHNSON.

DO YOU WISH TO PRACTICE PUBLIC SPEAKING?

(Continued From First Column.)

in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow; comes no hammering from the Rabenstein—their gallows must even now be o' building.

"Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dyes of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them: crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others; such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."